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painted with a meandering pattern of maroon on a white background; sometimes there are also coarsely painted figures of people, animals, and plants. Sometimes, though rarely, the surfaces of the jugs have also plastic decorations in the shape of animals—frogs, toads, lizards, and so forth—which give the impression of climbing up the belly of the piece (pl. 6, *c*). In a rubber-smoking hut made by a Tukuna rubber gatherer (*seringueiro*), I once even saw a hearth decorated in this fashion. No Neobrazilian rubber gatherer ever felt the urge to give such an object an artistic aspect! Decoration, plastic as well as painted, is used principally on certain small vases serving as containers for trifles, on which the potters lavish all their artistic skill (pl. 6, *g*).

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In elegance of form and purity of style of painted decorations the pottery of the Tukuna falls far short of the pottery of their neighbors, the Kokáma, and there is no evidence that it was formerly on a higher level than today.

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539 noose and was caught in it by the buttocks. In vain, dyaí' strove to untie the knot, which was tied in a certain way known only to the ba'ü.

Then he rapidly wove a basket of uarumã and placed it over e'pi's head, thereby transforming his brother into a deer. By then the ba'ü was arriving to examine his snare. He killed the deer, sucked its nose, and then untied the knot without the slightest difficulty. dyaí' observed everything from his hiding place. The ba'ü lifted the kill to carry it home but, finding it too heavy, set about to make a carrying strap of envira. He found a matamatá tree, but the envira was no good.[*] He found another tree, but that was even worse. On the third tree the loosened strip grew wider and wider at the top and could not be pulled free in spite of all the ba'ü's efforts. Finally, he was obliged to climb the tree in order to cut the bark free at its upper end. Meanwhile dyaí' revived his brother and both fled.

The Girl of the Umarí Fruit

dyaí' and e'pi went to attend the puberty festival of their niece, the daughter of the squirrel, ta'ʃne, who had married their sister a'ʃkʃna [see p. 124]. e'pi no longer recognised his brother-in-law and, while the brothers were returning from the celebration, he repeatedly asked who had been the host, but dyaí' always replied that he did not know either. At the feast it had been arranged that dyaí', not e'pi, was to get the girl. However, e'pi insisted that he wanted to marry her and for this purpose wished to return to ta'ʃne's house, but he could no longer find the way.

Meanwhile, the girl had already arrived at the brothers' house. In the yard there stood a large umarí tree [T., tẽ'ẽi]. She transformed herself into an umarí fruit, the only one on the tree, whence her name tẽẽi-arʃ-ãuʃ' ["Girl of Umarí"]. As soon as he saw it, e'pi wished to pick the fruit, but dyaí' forbade him. Then e'pi swept the ground clear beneath the tree in order to find the fruit as soon as it should drop, and bided his time.

dyaí' went hunting, killed many birds, and returned, tired and stained with blood. Giving the birds to e'pi for cleaning and plucking, he went off to bathe. Meanwhile the umarí fruit fell. The girl again assumed human form and waited for dyaí', who soon joined her. He rolled her between the palms of his hands, thus reducing her size until he was able to conceal her inside his bone flute. Much later, e'pi finished his labors and, returning to the house, saw at once that the fruit was neither on the tree nor on the ground. He accused his brother of having eaten or hidden it, but dyaí' answered that probably some agouti had carried it off.

For four days dyaí' went nightly to bring the girl to his hammock, playing with her in silence. Always just before daybreak he hid her once more in his bone flute. On the fifth night she laughed with him and the little snailshell bells on her armbands tinkled. "My brother," immediately asked e'pi, "with whom are you laughing?" "Nothing," answered dyaí'. "The broom laughed because I tickled it!" Then e'pi got up, fetched a broom, tied a snailshell bell on it, lay down with the broom in his hammock, and began to tickle it. "Brother," he complained, "the broom does not laugh!" "So?" answered dyaí'. "Mine does!" When on the following night e'pi again heard the girl's laughter, he began to ask who was with dyaí', and the latter replied that he was playing with the rocking-board. e'pi at once got up to bring a rocking-board to his hammock and began to tickle it. However, it did not laugh.

tẽẽiarʃãuʃ' was now dyaí''s wife, but he continued to hide her in the bone flute every day before dawn, so that e'pi would not see her. However, the latter was convinced that his brother had a wife and he searched for her everywhere. One day when dyaí' had gone hunting, e'pi took his bow and arrows and shot a large quantity of small fish [ni'ke] in the igapó. He brought them home, where he poured them into a large potsherd, which he placed over the fire. When the sherd grew hot, the still living fish began to jump about. e'pi then pulled his penis free of his waist cord and danced around the fire, singing: "ẽau tarakunyʉ̃-nyʉ̃-nyʉ̃!" With this, his penis began to flop up and down.

tẽẽiarʃãuʃ' saw this from her hiding place and could not resist laughing. At once e'pi stopped and looked all around, listening carefully, but as he discovered nothing he continued his dance. Once more tẽẽiarʃãuʃ' had to laugh, and this time e'pi discovered her inside the flute. He pulled

[*] The bast of the envira de matamatá (*Eschweilera* sp.) may be ripped away from top to bottom, after the initial cut has been made, the long strips being of equal width.

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539 cries at the onset of summer]. When the elder brother again came to visit him, the younger said "Now I shall fly to the mountains of the Lower Amazon! ẽa/vina vɔ:'ɔ! tɔ-tɔ-tɔ-tɔ vɔ:'ɔ!" ["My sister-in-law, plant! Plant!"]. With this, he rose and flew away.

[173] There are noteworthy differences in the version of this legend given to me in 1929 by "Captain" Felix. The explanation of the mutilation of Orion's leg is quite different from that given me by my informants in 1941 and 1942. (See legend, "The Errors of čimịdyuə̃'.")

wĩkĩča (Orion)[1]

Two brothers found themselves deep in the jungle at the foot of a tree where there was a basket containing cooked potatoes. The elder of the two passed it by, but the younger could not resist temptation and ate one of the tubers. That night as they slept, the demon nguri [(?) unknown to my other informants], who owned the basket, came through the jungle shouting, "Where is my potato?" And from the younger brother's stomach came the reply, "I am here!"

The elder brother sprang up and tried to wake the other, but the younger slept as though dead, not even stirring when the former poked him with a blazing firebrand. Then the elder hid in the left of the shelter, while nguri came and tore off a leg from the sleeping brother, taking it with him to devour. After his departure, the sleeper awoke and, seeing the bloody stump, exclaimed, "Brother, the bats have eaten my leg!" The other answered, "It was not bats but the demon nguri, whose potatoes you ate!"

Then the younger asked his brother to make him a club and, carried on the latter's back, left the shelter. While they were going through the jungle, an agouti ran in front of them, and at once the younger brother asked to be let down. He hopped after the agouti—on one leg only, but just as quickly as he could have done with two—and killed the little creature with his club. He cut off a small piece of meat from the kill, wrapped it in leaves, and handed it to his brother. After they had gone on a while, a deer sprang up, which the cripple killed in the same fashion. Again he cut off only a small piece of the game, wrapped it in leaves, and handed it to his brother.

When they arrived home, his [the younger brother's] wife was vexed at the smallness of the pieces, but her husband ordered her to erect a huge smoking-grill with a bonfire kindled under it. Then he unwrapped the meat and threw the bits to the woman; instantly they became so large that they completely covered her.

Afterward he ordered that they carry him again to the jungle, where this time he killed a tapir. He waited beside the kill for the buzzards to come, and when they had all gathered, he said to the king of the buzzards, "I killed this game for you, but now you must take me with you to the upper world!" Then the buzzards took him with them to the upper world, where he can still be seen today: wĩkĩča (Orion).

The Family Transformed into Jaguars

An old man set out with his wife and several other men, I know not whither—I think toward the underworld. The old man taught the others a magical trick: whenever he shot an arrow high into the trunk of a tururi tree,[2] a white strip of bast the breadth of a palm would detach itself and peel down the trunk all the way to the ground. Each person selected a piece, stretched it, and painted it with black spots in imitation of a jaguar's hide, thus making himself a jaguar costume. Putting these costumes on, they turned into jaguars and, as such, coursed through the jungle, killing and eating people; but other Indians discovered the secret and considered how to kill them. Once the old man in jaguar form attacked a group of hunters, but was killed by one of them. His wife overheard them talking about the one who had done the killing, and she resolved to avenge her husband's death. Dressed in her jaguar costume, she pursued the slayer and tore him to pieces.

The old woman's son had two children. One day she went with some hunters to a spot in the jungle where there were some *envicira* trees [*Xylopia* sp.?] on the fruit of which toucans were

[1] Nimuendajú, Tukuna-Indianern, p. 191.
[2] The inner bark of this tree (*Couratari* sp.?) furnishes the material for masquerade costumes.

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